

## BAXTER SPRINGS NEWS.

M. H. GARDNER, Publisher.  
BAXTER SPRINGS, - - KANSAS

### YOU AND I.

Down by the beach we wandered,  
You and I,  
Dreaming of naught but pleasure,  
You and I;  
Out on the foamy billows  
That made the sea king's pillows,  
You and I  
Saw only golden sunlight  
Or waves of silvery moonlight  
That made the sea so bright.  
Sweet hours with love light freighted!  
You and I  
Lived only in the present,  
You and I  
Cared naught about the morrow  
With hours of pain and sorrow;  
You and I  
Were happy and contented;  
With hope and love demented,  
What happiness was ours.  
Out on the blue sea sailing,  
You and I  
Saw vessels heavy laden,  
You and I  
Expected wondrous treasures,  
And pleasures without measure,  
You and I  
Were young and foolish mortals  
Ere we crossed Hymen's portals,  
We since have grown more wise.

And hand in hand together  
You and I  
Have traveled through life's journey,  
You and I  
Sometimes our sky was clouded,  
And hope with gloom was shrouded.  
You and I  
Did not despair or falter,  
But on home's sacred altar  
We laid our burdens down.

—Mrs. M. A. G. Hemstreet, in Brooklyn Eagle.

## THE VICTIM OF HIS CLOTHES.

By Howard Fielding and Frederick B. Darton.

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### CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED. A PRICE ON HIS HEAD.

Then he stopped abruptly and walked slowly up the avenue for a short distance. His heart was beating violently with excitement and the exertion of his run, and he knew that he must get somewhere out of sight at once. Just ahead of him he saw that the street-car tracks entered a tunnel, the sidewalks and carriage-way rising over a hill above it. Believing that here lay his opportunity he entered the tunnel and walked through its half mile of length without molestation save from cars that passed him occasionally. The drivers and conductors looked at him sharply, and that made him wish that he had staid above ground. It also impressed him with the necessity of disguising himself.

At the end of the tunnel he found himself in front of the Grand Central Depot. If he could only take a train and go somewhere! Instinctively his hand went to his pocket and then he remembered. The thought of passing again through an experience of hunger with its possibilities of police courts and ferry-boat concerts so distressed him that he had half a mind to return to Jenkins and confess himself a lunatic. Then probably he would be put in a straight jacket and be confined in a loathsome cell for the rest of his days. Horrible!

Suddenly he remembered that he had been in the habit of carrying a fifty-dollar bill in a little pocket unobtrusively made at the waistband of his trousers. Most of us would have thought of that before, but Mr. Drane had passed his boyhood in the lap of luxury, and in his manhood had not escaped from her leading-strings until the beginning of these unhappy episodes, so that the where-withal was naturally the last element to enter into his consideration of practical problems. In this case he felt certain that his enemy, the tramp, must have overlooked that pocket. He thrust a trembling finger into it. Glorious! He felt the soft but firm texture of a bank note, and he knew that he was saved. He marched proudly into the depot and inquired about trains for Boston. That was still further away from home, but he had friends there who would identify him and see him out of his trouble. A train would leave in the course of an hour. Good. How much? Five dollars. Very reasonable. One ticket, please.

While the strip of paste-board was being stamped Mr. Drane drew forth the hidden bill and unfolded it. Then his heart went down to hold: sad communion with his heels.

"I beg your pardon," he faltered, addressing the ticket-seller, "but I don't think I'll go to Boston this evening."

The bill was a two.  
The tramp had been commendably thorough in his search through Mr. Drane's clothes, and, having found use for the fifty dollars, had recognized the utility of an emergency fund and had limited his reserve to two dollars.

Mr. Drane went out again into the unfeeling air of New York and wondered why it was that he had never been able before to see any thing in the philosophy of pessimism. Still it is not often that some consolation can not be found in a situation when a man has as much as two dollars in his possession. Lawrence found it. He didn't want to go to Boston, anyway, for there was Bessie, the good, the beautiful, the soul-satisfying Bessie. She was in New York, and

at the thought the atmosphere took on a sudden freshness as if it might have blown across a garden of roses. Perhaps her little feet had pressed the very stone on which he stood! Lawrence patted the stone gently with his foot and felt comforted. He would run the risk of courts and retreats for the privilege of finding her.

Meantime how far would two dollars carry him? He must have a bed and a breakfast and a shave. The bed cost him half his pile at a neighboring hotel. For prudential reasons he registered under an assumed name, and for once in this history no calamity is to be recorded as the outcome of the deception. In the morning a barber took off Mr. Drane's moustache for fifteen cents, and a modest meal reduced his capital to half a dollar. Then he bought a newspaper and sat down in a hotel corridor to read and reflect. The newspaper was uncommonly interesting. Conspicuously displayed on the first page was an account of the escape of a dangerous lunatic from Jenkins' Retreat.

The lunatic was supposed to be the wealthy Mr. Lawrence Drane, of Kansas City. That unfortunate gentleman's friends had come on to take care of him and had arrived at the Retreat but an hour after the escape. They immediately resolved to offer a reward of five hundred dollars for his capture, and the proprietor of the Retreat supplemented that inducement by an offer of fifty dollars from his own purse. Then followed a minute description of the missing man.

Lawrence felt flattered, but still not happy.

"Every man but the millionaires in the city is looking for me," he thought, and he glanced cautiously over his paper at the other occupants of the room. His blood chilled at once, for directly opposite sat a shrewd-looking fellow staring hard at him. The fellow had a copy of the same paper that Mr. Drane was reading, too, in his hand. He was evidently a detective. After a moment of agony the detective rose and came towards Mr. Drane, still looking sharply at him.

"Now for a grand bluff," thought Lawrence. He nerved himself for a mighty effort, but the stranger paused awkwardly and said:

"Excuse me, sir; I see that I was mistaken. I thought you were an old friend of mine."

And he walked away. Lawrence liked to have choked with the excitement and relief, and he felt that he would rather be captured than undergo such another trial. He must get away. Even his friends would discredit his story and consign him to an asylum. But how was he to move? He read the story again. It ended by saying that the gentlemen from Kansas City had gone to Boston on the midnight train believing that Mr. Drane had fled to that city.

Again his thoughts reverted to Bessie. She would help him, but he dared not go to Mrs. Bowers' house. So he wrote a note to Mrs. Bowers inquiring if he might not call on the young lady whom he knew only by the name of Bessie, and trust to her kindness to screen him from capture during the call. It cost him thirty-five cents to send this note by messenger. After what seemed interminable delay the messenger returned with this answer:

"The young lady you refer to has returned to her friends. For her sake I refrain from sending this to you by a policeman. You may not be insane, but I am convinced that you are a bad, bold adventurer. So do not, on any account, expect any further assistance from me."  
EMILY BOWERS.

And what did poor Drane do then? He went down to the East river and wondered if some condemned fool of a hero wouldn't rescue him if he should plunge in and try to be decently drowned. The men at work thereabouts didn't look much like heroes, but appearances might be deceptive, and Mr. Drane gave up the idea. It was but a passing frenzy. His native vigor returned soon and it was reinforced by the image of Bessie's face that haunted him constantly. He would seek her if it took the rest of his life and cost him his fortune—when he got possession of it again.

During the rest of the day he wandered aimlessly about the docks and in the quiet streets. His hunger he appeased with a sandwich, reserving his balance, eight cents, for another meal. The more he wandered and the more he thought, the more desperate his situation seemed; but relief came from the most unexpected quarter. Just as it was growing dark whom should he meet but the original tramp. Each made as if to run at first sight, then they thought better of it and stood facing each other.

"Well," said Mr. Drane.  
"Well," returned the tramp, "you've done me up nice, haven't you?"

"Done you up?" exclaimed Lawrence;  
"how about me, you rascal? Have you read the morning papers?"

"Read the papers! Do I look as if I had read the papers? If the papers were two cents a thousand I couldn't afford to read a bulletin board. No, I've just come from the island. Your Kansas City friends said I was the wrong man, and of course they had to let me go."

Lawrence was on the point of showing the tramp the story of the escape printed in the paper, when a perfectly tremendous idea occurred to him. It was so great that his voice trembled as he said:

"That's good. Now, I am willing to let bygones be bygones. I am not out

of my scrape yet, and between us we can help each other a good deal. Are you agreed?"

"You don't mean to get me arrested for taking your clothes, do you?"

"Not a bit! You won't come to harm. I'll see you through and give you money afterwards."

"I'll have to go you. What am I to do?"

"Change clothes with me!"  
The tramp was staggered at this suggestion, but he consented, though he vainly tried to get Lawrence to unfold the scheme.

"The only trouble is," said Lawrence, "I don't know where we can do this."

"Well, I do," replied his companion, and he forthwith led the way to a deserted rookery where they speedily exchanged garments. Mr. Drane put on the rags again with some revolt, but he was confident in the success of his scheme, and that nerved him.

When they stepped out again into the street he asked the tramp where he had gone when he first took the clothes from the Adams Hotel.

"Oh," he said, "I played in great luck, and I'll be all right if you get me out of this affair with a little money in hand. You see, I pranced around town for the day, and the next day I fell in with an old sweetheart of mine. She used to live in Buffalo, and she was poor enough then, but it seems that some time ago she went through a mock marriage that afterwards turned out to be binding."

The tramp paused and laughed gleefully.

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Mr. Drane, eagerly. "What then?"

"Why, you see, the fellow she married was thundering rich, and he went off and got killed just after the ceremony and left all his money to her. Haw! haw! haw! And then, you know, I told her that I had got rich, too. I made a good bluff at it with your money and your clothes and she believed me. So we got married that very day."

"You married her?" gasped Lawrence.

"Yep. Married her as fast and hard as a parson could tie the knot. We went up to New Haven and the ceremony was performed there. As soon as it was over I left her there to come down to New York, pretending I had business. So I had. I intended to work a fine racket on your money, you know, telegraph to Kansas City for some more, but you spoiled that. My rich wife is waiting for me, I suppose, in the Beaver Hotel where I left her. You just put me in the way of getting to New Haven and I'll be hunk and don't you forget it."

Lawrence was overwhelmed with amazement. He felt rather than saw the inconsistencies of the story, but it was circumstantial enough to alarm him terribly. What! his Bessie, so good and pure, marry this fellow so suddenly, and yet remain in New York, go to court with Mrs. Bowers—it was impossible on the face of it. And yet— He would have pursued the inquiry further, but that he feared to arouse the tramp's suspicions. So they walked on talking of other things until they came to Jenkins' Retreat.

"Now I'm going to work a big scheme here," said Mr. Drane. "You just keep your head and don't get frightened a bit and remember that whatever happens I'll take care of you. I'm rich enough, as you know."

"Blaze away, cully, I'm wid yo," responded the tramp.

Mr. Drane rang the bell. The door was opened at once by an attendant whom Lawrence had not seen before.

"Tell Mr. Jenkins a friend would like to see him," said Lawrence, winking mysteriously at the attendant. The wink was understood, and both men



FIFTY DOLLARS REWARD.

were admitted. The door once closed, Mr. Drane whispered excitedly to the attendant:

"It's Lawrence Drane! you'd better grab him, 'cause he's very violent at times."

The attendant struck a bell and instantly two other men came into the hall, seized the tramp, bound his arms to his sides with a rope and hurried him to a back room. He protested vigorously, declared that he had been entrapped, and all that, but his cries made matters worse for him. Presently the attendant returned and asked Mr. Drane about the capture. Lawrence told an imaginative yarn with as low a dialect as he could muster, and wound up by demanding the reward.

"We can't give you the whole reward to-night," was the reply. "The five hundred dollars offered by Mr. Drane's friends is not in our control, but you may have the fifty dollars offered by the Retreat and if you will call to-morrow afternoon I have no doubt that you can collect the rest."

Lawrence reflected that fifty dollars was a pretty good price to pay a man

for capturing himself, and that he was lucky to even get that. The money was promptly turned over to him and he left the Retreat after inquiring particularly as to the hour when he should call again.

"It's a pretty hard trick on that fellow," he thought, "but he deserves it, and I will keep my word and see him safely out. And of course I'll return the reward."

With all the speed he had he hurried to a lowery clothing store, bought a cheap but decent suit, and then took the first available train for New Haven.

### CHAPTER IX. "MR. L. DRANE."

As the train began its rumbling journey into the night Mr. Drane felt a wild exultation. He was escaping from the scenes of the utmost misery he had ever experienced, and he was going to see the most adorable girl in the world. The more he thought of it the more the tramp's story about his marriage appeared to be absolute fiction—and yet, the fellow had been so confident, so unmistakably pleased with his prospect! And Bessie had said that she lived in Buffalo. Was she deceiving him, and Mrs. Bowers, too? It was all very strange. Why had he not taken the precaution to learn the tramp's real name? Had he gone and married Bessie under the name of Drane?

Lawrence shivered until he recalled that the tramp had known Bessie in childhood and therefore could not pass himself to her under a false name. This was some comfort, but as he puzzled over the situation he began to doubt whether he had done wisely in running away from his Kansas City friends who had come to New York to find him. Undoubtedly, however, they would have declared that the story of his adventures was the figment of a disordered brain.

So, with perplexities and doubts his exultation gave way to anxiety, and even the prospect of seeing Bessie again failed to relieve his mind of trouble.

It was long past midnight when he reached New Haven. A cab took him to the Beaver House, where he was denied admission because all rooms were taken. Leaving an application for the first vacancy, he found accommodations elsewhere, a sleepy watchman, grumbling immoderately, showing him to a tiny chamber on the top floor. When he came down-stairs in the morning to pay his bill the clerk politely requested him to register, a formality that had been neglected. Certainly he would comply, and with a determination, formed in a flash, to sail under true colors, he wrote his name and address with a bold, legible hand. Then he stood before the window, apparently gazing idly into the street, really absorbed in formulating a plan of action. Just as Mr. Drane was registering a shrewd-looking young man with a note-book in one hand and a pencil in the other entered the office. He waited until Lawrence had withdrawn from the counter and then began industriously to copy the names and addresses from the big book. The clerk greeted him jocularly:

"Well, Jimmy, what's the news to-day?"

"Read the Evening Dispatch and find out," was the smart reply.

This brilliant repartee had done service for opening the conversation between the clerk and the shrewd young man daily for many months, and it was probably so serving still. There is nothing like having a witty retort that is warranted not to wear out.

The young man copied rapidly down the page until he came to the last page. Then he paused and scowled an instant, after which he wrote "Lawrence Drane, Kansas City, Mo., No. 343, pd." very slowly, and turned about slyly to scrutinize the broad back of the gentleman at the window.

"Any thing up, Jimmy?" asked the clerk, observing this action.

Jimmy winked and nodded mysteriously, and began to search among the newspapers lying on the writing table. Presently he found a New York paper of the day before and turned to the account of Mr. Drane's escape and the reward offered for his capture.

"I thought so!" he said, with a triumphant grin, while the clerk looked on in undisguised curiosity. Jimmy gave him no comfort. Instead, he heightened the clerk's emotion by sitting down where he could see Mr. Drane's face and scanning the paper again with frequent glances upward for comparison.

"Mustache gone and clothes different," he muttered; "but it must be the man. I wonder whether he'll become violent and murder me if I speak to him. Perhaps I can inveigle him to a police station."

While Jimmy was still debating what to do to "scoop" the boys on a big piece of news and gain a thumping reward, Lawrence decided upon his own course and started to leave the hotel. Jimmy was on his feet instantly and intercepted him.

"Mr. Drane, I believe?" he said, interrogatively.

"Yes," replied Lawrence, with a start of surprise.

"Lawrence Drane, of Kansas City?" continued Jimmy.

"Yes; what can I do for you?"

"I want to ask you some questions about the condition of affairs in the West," said Jimmy, glibly. "the crops, you know, farm mortgages and their effect on industry, and all that sort of thing. If you're going out I will walk along with you so as not to waste your time."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"A RACE WITH DEATH!"

Among the nameless heroes, none are more worthy of martyrdom than he who rode down the valley of the Conemaugh, warning the people ahead of the Johnstown flood. Mounted on a powerful horse, faster and faster went the rider, but the flood was swiftly gaining, until it caught the unlucky horseman and swept on, grinding, crushing, annihilating both weak and strong.

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